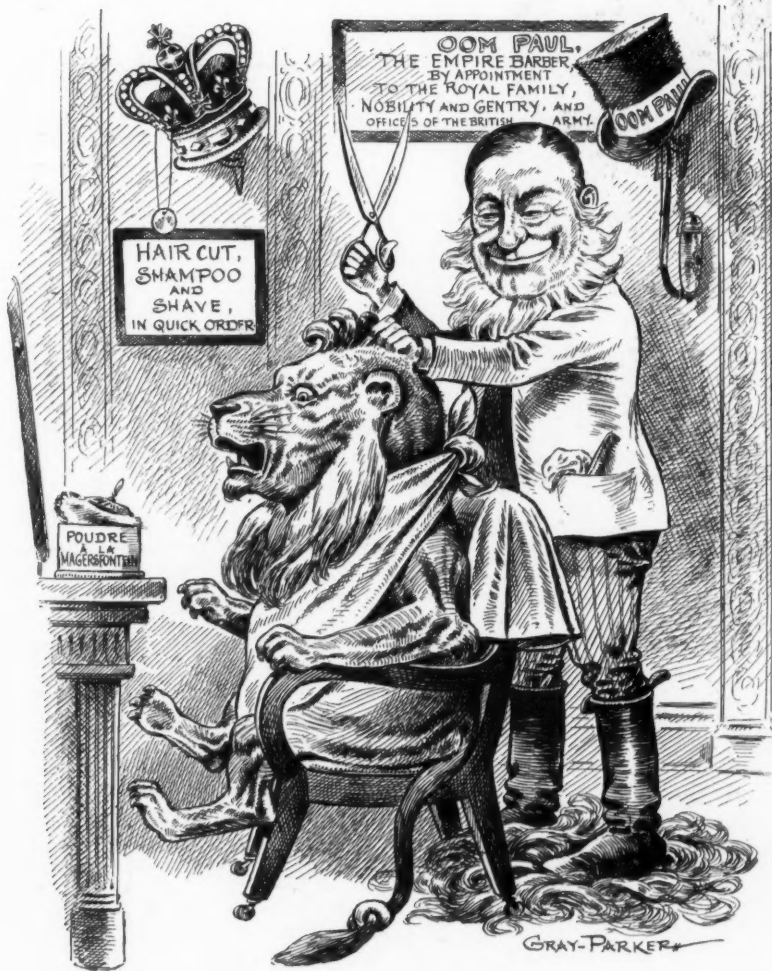


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"BLAST IT! OLD MAN; DON'T CUT IT
SO 'BLOOMIN' SHORT."

Londonderry
LITHIA WATER



*As a
TABLE WATER,
pure and undefiled,
possessing all the attributes
of a sparkling and exhilarating
beverage, combined with medicinal
qualities whose action is mild but most
effective, it has no equal.
At all leading Hotels, Clubs and Cafés.
WITH ALL DEALERS*

There are No Duplicate WEDDING GIFTS in MARTELÉ SILVERWARE

IN choosing silverware for gifts, the assurance that the object selected is not only representative of a distinctly original art but unique, in being impossible to duplicate it by any of the ordinary imitative mechanical methods, is a great satisfaction.

This, of course, is only possible when each piece is the work of an individual artist, whose inspiration is at the command of the house employing him. To this end the Gorham Company, Silversmiths, has for the past four years been training men especially for their needs; in fact, they have established a unique school of design in which an appeal is made to each member to express, under the guidance of an accomplished leader, his art ideals in silver. It is in this way that a distinctive art atmosphere is created, and to its influence we owe the, as yet, comparatively few examples of the beautiful Martelé that can be seen at the Gorham Company's warerooms.

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**BLUE LABEL
SOUPS.**

20 Varieties
CURTICE BROTHERS CO.
ROCHESTER, N.Y. U.S.A.

Ready for use
after heating.

ASK YOUR GROCER

·LIFE·



Pater: DOCTOR, MY BOY HAS NEVER ASSOCIATED WITH OTHER BOYS; HIS MORALS ARE PURE, HIS CONSCIENCE TENDER AND HIS LIFE HAS BEEN BLAMELESS.
 "THEN, SIR, YOU COULD NOT HAVE BROUGHT HIM TO A BETTER PLACE. OUR CONSTANT EFFORT IS TO CORRECT THE FAULTS OF HOME TRAINING."

A Righteous Custom.

I KISSED the tempting crimson of her cheek,
 As fragrant as a rose.
 And, lo, across its bloom a pallid streak!
 And here, upon my nose,
 A touch of red, of which I blush to speak!
 'Tis true I have no reason for complaint—
 I stole the fragrant kiss,
 And yet 'tis customary to acquaint
 Unwary ones of this,
 By placarding the danger point: "Fresh
 Paint."
Willis B. Hawkins.

What We May Expect.

THE SYNDICATE PRESENTS

DAPHO.

THE Latest Triumph of Indecency.

Too Nasty for Paris!
 Denounced by Press and Pulpit.
 Reeks with Suggestiveness!
 A Blush Every Minute!

Come and See It, and Bring Your Neighbor's Wife.

Tickets Not Purchased of Speculators
 will be Refused at the Door.

SO far General Buller has, by actual count, crossed the Tugela River sixty-two times; has "succeeded in turning the Boers' left flank" thirty-one times; has won in forty skirmishes, and has gone to the relief of Ladysmith seventeen times within the last month.



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXV. MARCH 1, 1900. No. 902.
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MRS. ADAIR, who lately came from England to urge us all to show our sympathy for England in her fight with the Boers, has reminded those of us who are of Irish extraction that her father, General Wadsworth, sent a shipload of corn to the Irish at the time of the last famine. The daughter of a man who showed such feeling for the Irish is a fit person, she thinks, to ask the American Irish to show sympathy for her British friends.

That is true enough. No Englishman's wife of American birth could undertake the errand which Mrs. Adair has come on with better grace than she, for her father, truly, was a man of noble character, and greatly beloved. But the fact that the father helped the Irish in their sore need is hardly likely to soften the heart of the Irish-American towards the daughter's English friends in their present plight. It will be asked, not where Mrs. Adair's sympathies are, but where General Wadsworth's sympathies would have been if he had been alive. It seems reasonable to suspect that General Wadsworth, being an independent American, in no way concerned about London society or the Prince of Wales's set, would have been sitting on the fence along with so many of the rest of us, meditating, with conflicting emotions, on the strange Providence that endowed the dirty, dismal, ignorant, corrupt, behindhand Boers with such excellent weapons and so sure an

aim. It cannot be too often repeated that what makes American sympathy for England lukewarm under existing circumstances is not a national defect in affection for the English, but misgivings as to the underlying justice of England's cause. We are told that Kruger's Government is a good deal like Croker's, only a great deal worse. Very likely that is true. Kruger seems as cheerfully devoid of scruples and as appreciative of the main chance, and as careless of the niceties of administrative rectitude, as Croker, or Rhodes, or Chamberlain, or any of our eminent contemporaries. But Kruger and his fellows are fighting for control of their own dunghill, and fighting against one of the strongest powers on earth. It is not in American nature not to admire their grit, and not to feel that they have a right to hold their dunghill by main strength if they can. When they have been licked, as doubtless they will be, we can meditate on their grave defects as folks and as rulers, but while the fight is on they are entitled to their share of applause from the spectators. In their attitude towards the British the difference between the Americans and most of the other strong powers of earth is that most of the Americans are sorry that the present British Government has got the British people into a scrape, and the other powers are glad.



IT is interesting to notice that the Yale worm has turned against the Sophomore societies and seems likely to secure their abolition. It is well known that the chief social end of a Yale man is to become a member of one of the three senior societies, which take in, between them, forty-five men out of a class of about three hundred. The three Sophomore societies take in seventeen men each, most of whom are pledged to become members while they are still school-boys in the great preparatory schools. From the members of these Sophomore societies about nine-tenths of the membership of the senior societies is drawn, so that to a great extent the most coveted prizes at Yale are insured to school-boys who have never set foot in New Haven. To men who do not happen to be of the elect this method savors too much of predestination. They say it is not democratic.

They don't object to having the college run by forty-five of the most prominent men in the senior class, but they insist that the prominence of the forty-five ought to be demonstrated during their college course. Their contention seems reasonable and is likely to prevail.



CONSUL MACRUM has spoken. He says he came home because he sympathized with the Boers. His statement has not quenched the suspicion that he is that justly unpopular thing—a quitter. To be a quitter is a very serious mistake, and one of which very few Ohio men have ever been guilty. Plenty of Ohio men have held offices they did not adorn, but there is scarcely another case on record of an Ohio man who let go of a salaried office in which he ought to have continued.



JUDGE TAFT of Ohio is to be president of the new commission which is to provide a civil government for the Philippine Islands. His merits, which some time since were recognized in his appointment as a Federal judge, are so widely known and appreciated as to have made him recently the candidate of many Yale men for President of Yale University. A first-class man is needed to start the experiment of American civil government in the Philippines, and it looks very much as though the President had found one.



AMONG the speakers who lately appeared before the Military Committee of the House in support of a bill to abolish the army canteen, was the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, head of the "Reform Bureau." He will be recalled as the same Crafts whose rash assertion in Boston, that drinks were served to the President at the Capitol last March, was discovered to be based on the conveyance of mineral water in bottles to the President's room. It seems doubtful whether Mr. Crafts's assistance will be valuable to the anti-canteen people.





THE Fly on the Rose.

TO FITZGERALD.

(After seeing Le Gallienne's "version" of the Rubiat.)

THE sang of Love and Death and fell asleep,

And to his grave came nightingales to weep
His Praise, and from his English Heart
there sprang

A Perfect Persian Rose of crimson deep.

Now when the Sun the nightingales had
still'd,

There came a Tarnished Bluefly garbag
swill'd;

Buzzing, he cried, "Thou art my Ros I
for lo!

I give thee something from my Treasure
spill'd."

Oliver Herford.



Some Good Stories of English Notables.

THERE is nothing more entertaining than the reminiscences of an Englishman who is really in the current of affairs. The social and the governing body is so compact that most of the interesting people in England are likely to be in it. So, when the man who was private secretary for Gladstone, the Rt. Hon. Sir Algernon West, publishes his "Recollections" (Harpers), it promises to be amusing reading. Moreover, Sir Algernon proves himself to have been

ideally adapted for his place by mingling abundant tact with a sense of humor.

The private secretary to a very serious great man would have missed a heap of fun if he had been lacking in appreciation of the ludicrous. Sir Algernon seems to have been moved to write these reminiscences chiefly to preserve his stories—"old friends that I would not willingly see die."

His story of the way the Princess of Wales managed Tennyson is a gem. When the Czar, the King of Denmark, the King of Greece and a lot of other royalties visited the *Pembroke Castle*, with Tennyson and Gladstone on board, they proposed that Tennyson should read something. He growled that "one man could take a horse to water, but ten could not make him drink." The Princess of Wales simply said, "Oh, but I can," and led him to the smoking-room, where, "surrounded by all these crowned heads, with his great wide-awake on his head," he read the "Grandmother."

* * *

THE American reader of these Recollections will see that this is not the only country where "a political pull" is a good thing. All his life Sir Algernon seems to have fallen into very pleasant berths, because he started by being born a descendant of Sir Robert Walpole, and married a granddaughter of Lord Grey. The very frank way in which the great men look out for their friends is evident all through the book—in fact, it is taken for granted. Of course, the English have a

beautiful Civil Service system for the routine offices of Government, but the really choice plums go by favor. If you are in with the Prime Minister, you may get something rather nice in England, and if you are in with Croker, you may get something rather nice in New York. Of course, there is a big difference in the motives and in the results, but the same human impulse to look out for one's friend is back of both.

The whole book is entertaining as gossip about important people, but it conveys little that is new or significant about the great political events of the period—which is exactly what Sir Algernon intended, for he holds that "the secrets that necessarily came in my way were not my secrets."

* * *

THERE is very little of interest in Mr. Spielmann's collection of the "Hitherto Unidentified Contributions of W. M. Thackeray to *Punch*" (Harpers). It was well worth doing because of Thackeray's eminence as a literary figure, but intrinsically there are only a few ballads which show Thackeray at his best. The bulk of the prose contributions are directed from week to week at the topic of the moment, and, particularly to an American reader, are decidedly dull. Thackeray's ear-mark is on them in many turns of phrase, but they are just what he made them—good average journalistic work. He did his stunt from week to week, as many an obscure writer has done it, and he learned how to write by pegging at it, till by and by he produced



Mr. Slightly: YOU CAN NEVER OPEN THAT UMBRELLA AGAINST THIS WIND.



"PERMIT ME—TURN WITH YOUR BACK TOWARD THE WIND LIKE THIS—"

"Vanity Fair." This is a pretty good lesson for the geniuses who expect to do their great work before they have learned how. *Droch.*

New Publications.

WHIST. American Leads and Their History. By Nicholas Browse Trist. New York and London: *Harper and Brothers.*

Dealing with the history of the American leads and some late innovations. Mr. Trist knows what he is talking about.

AT START AND FINISH. By William Lindsey. Boston: *Small, Maynard and Company.*

This is a fairly readable book for those interested in athletics. As literature, however, it cannot be said to rank high.

HISTORICAL TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

The author has undertaken to retell in simple language those plays of Shakespeare's that Charles and Mary Lamb omitted—a difficult and dangerous task. But he has succeeded, and the result is a delightful book.

REINCARNATION: or Immortality. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. New York: *Alliance Publishing Company.*

In his preface, the author of this book expresses a hope that the "thread of continuity has not dropped so effectually out of sight that the reader will have difficulty in tracing it." He would have been perfectly safe in offering a prize for anyone who succeeded in finding any sense in it. Even in these days it is rare that such a mass of rubbish gets between two covers.

The Stain.

THE FOREIGNER: It seems to be dishonorable here in America not to have money.

THE AMERICAN: Not exactly dishonorable, but it shows that perhaps you are honest.

Talks With Fictitious Personages.

V.
WITH MISS STELLA HIGHSTARRE.

ONE might almost wish that such a charming actress as Miss Stella Highstarre were not fictitious, were it not for the fact that she betrays so many characteristics of her calling. I know Miss Highstarre very well indeed, and when she is on exhibition in town, I frequently, in the evening, go around through the stage entrance and sit in her cosy dressing apartment over a glass of wine, in those odd waiting moments when she is not repeating her lines on the stage. I have often wished that some of my girl friends who are so stage-struck might see Miss Highstarre in these moments and talk with her as confidentially as I have talked. I will not say this would make them pause in their ambition, for there is much in Miss Highstarre's life that is altogether pleasant, but at least they would know the truth.

"For one thing," said Miss Highstarre the other evening, as she offered me a cigarette (she had just begun to tell me some of the petty annoyances of her vocation), "one has to have husbands, and sometimes they are very troublesome."

"I suppose you never know," I said, "just when you are rid of them."

"Precisely," said Miss Highstarre, blowing a blue ring up to the chandelier.

"Number two ought, you know, to cancel number one, and number three cancel number two, and so on; but, upon my word, although I am on number four now, number one, that old back number, is continually pestering me for a small loan."

"I should think, in a case like that," I said, "that you would tell your present—that is, number four—and get him to put a quietus on number one."

Miss Highstarre smiled cynically. "They are bosom friends," she said, sadly. "Indeed, they all seem to stand together. I sometimes think I am controlled by a syndicate of impecunious actors, some of whom are even now standing in line, waiting for their turn to be united to me in the holy bonds of matrimony."

"You speak," I interposed, "as though you had no option in the matter. Surely, you need not marry against your will."

Miss Highstarre shrugged her shoulders—like the Brooklyn Bridge, the palisades, or the Statue of Liberty, familiar to thousands for miles around—and remarked:

"If you will consider a moment, you will see that for me marriage is inevitable. If I had remained single in the beginning, all would have been well, but



"THEN, YOU SEE, THE WIND HELPS YOU—"



AND THERE YOU ARE!"



SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.
ARIES — MARCH.

you will concede that to every woman one matrimonial mistake is always permitted."

"Certainly," I bowed.

"Granting, then," continued Miss Highstarre, "that number one might be a mistake, which he proved to be, you will see that after I had gotten rid of him, I was in a peculiar position. Much of my success depends upon the freshness with which I appeal to my public. I couldn't stop there."

"Of course you couldn't," I replied, sympathetically. "You had to keep on. Apart from the business side, it became also a matter of pride with you."

"You have hit it exactly," said Miss Highstarre. "The moment I stop marrying, the public will think I am too old to marry again. It's awful!"

Her appalling situation burst upon me with all its momentousness.

"But when you marry," I at last asserted, "why in the world don't you take some one that's worth while? Some rich old duffer with plenty of gilt."

I had dropped unconsciously into the vernacular. Miss Highstarre smiled.

"They are too cute for that," she said, pathetically, "nowadays. Besides, I——"

I raised my hand, warningly. "Don't, I beseech you," I exclaimed, "suggest such a possibility. You are not, to my certain knowledge, over fifty-seven—at the beginning of your theatrical career. You are good for any number of husbands yet."

"How good of you!" exclaimed my friend. "But you always were consoling. The fact is, I crave admiration, and to think of losing it would be the death of me."

"You haven't anything else," I suggested (this time not so encouragingly). "You haven't such commonplaces as a regular home, babies, or a permanent husband, and the only thing left for you is to be admired. What you are afraid of is that you may sometime begin to doubt that you are not the greatest actress on earth."

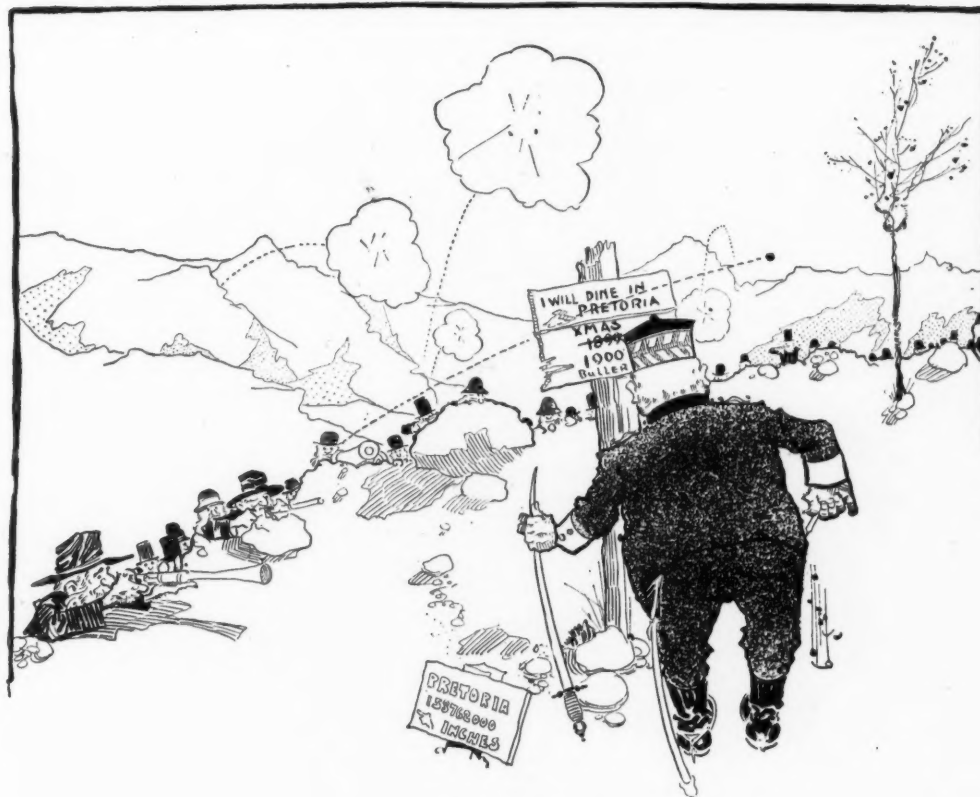
"And you think me wrong," pouted Miss Highstarre.

"Not at all," I said, gently. "The only real things in life are its illusions, and if, instead of a lot of little ones, you cherish a big one, use it for all it is worth. Keep on courting admiration, and never bother about how little intellect you really have, so long as you can draw a crowd. And now let's talk about your art."

"My art," sniffed Miss Highstarre. "Dear me, that belongs to the province of my modiste, and she tells me it is becoming more difficult every year."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "Why, I had no idea that you were so much of a fictitious personage!"





SOUTH SIDE OF THE TUGELA, January 27, 1900.

MY DEAR KRUGER: I regret exceedingly that I shall be obliged, by some very important engagements, to postpone our little dinner for a short time.

Very truly yours, BULLER.

P. S.—We retreated across the river this morning without the loss of a man or a pound of stores, which to my mind is one of the signal triumphs of the campaign.

Seasonable.

SIGNS are swinging, shutters creaking,
From the dust there's no defence—
Women's skirts fly taut as wind-sails,
Ankles are in evidence.

Midst the riff-raff of the gutters,
Derby hats are playing hoop—
Maddened men are chasing after
With a yell, and dodge, and swoop.

Now at sixes and at sevens
Is the trusted weather-vane;
North, south, east, it spins demented,
West it veers, then back again.

Something's queer about the weather,
Let's consult the almanac—
By the power of winds and cyclones,
March, that beastly month, is back!

Anna M. Fowler.

Growing Cordiality.

MESHECK: You must come up to my place some evening and try one of my cigars.

YAWNER: Thanks, but I don't smoke.

"Well, come up on Thursday and have a glass of wine with me."

"Thanks, I never drink."

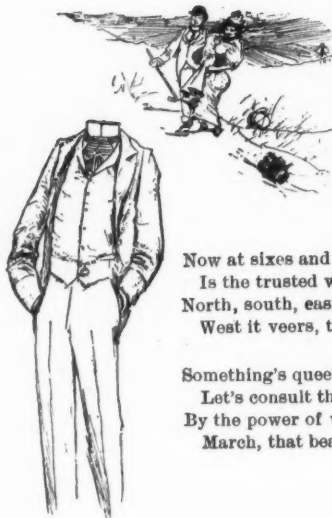
"Himmel! Then come up and see me every evening."

AN East Indian prince, on his first visit to this country, suffered so continuously from cold that he contracted pneumonia and died.

He was cremated, and, after being some ten minutes in the crematory, an attendant opened a small slide in the side of the furnace to note the result. The prince was sitting bolt upright on the slab, and shouted, "Shut that door!!"

THE AMERICAN: You have no idea of the immense wealth of this country until you've traveled over it.

THE FOREIGNER: Oh, yes, I have. I've lived in Europe.





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IN SOCIETY
DO WE SEE SO MUCH OF OLD AND
AGED MEN DOING NOTHING



"SOCIETY."

MUCH OF AGE AND YOUTH BECAUSE THE MIDDLE-
AGED MEN ENJOY SOMETHING BETTER TO DO?



A Hard Question to Answer.

Is there going to be any change in the present situation?" asked the Prosperous Citizen from the Middle West.

"What situation?" asked the Present Writer, Yankee-wise. He didn't know whether the Prosperous Citizen was talking about the Boer war or Tim Woodruff's chances for the Vice-Presidential nomination.

"The theatrical situation," rejoined the Prosperous Citizen. "You ought to know all about it."

"But I don't," replied the Present Writer. "No one outside the Theatrical Syndicate can tell you anything about it. What's the matter with the situation?"

"Everything. You see I come to New York three or four times a year on business. Being an old-fashioned sort of a person, I bring my wife and the girls with me. I'm likely to be busy and when I can't be with them I want them to enjoy themselves. They like to go to the theatre evenings and I like to have them. The first snag I run up against is getting seats."

"Why? You can always get good seats at the hotel news-stand."

"That's all right, but I've got a sort of American prejudice against paying two dollars and a half for anything that's marked in plain figures, 'two dollars.' On that account I used to go to the theatres and have some whipper-snapper with a diamond pin in the box office tell me that the best there was for a week from Wednesday night was 'next to the last row.' At first I used to take what he said and what he gave me, and think I was lucky to get off so easy. Ma and the girls would sit back in the gloom under the gallery and see that there were lots of empty seats down in front, and then the complaint would be up to me. Then I got my dander up to the point of asking the young man with the diamond pin how it was that he didn't have anything better than 'next to the last row' for a week from Wednesday night? 'You don't think you're the only jay in New York that buys seats, do you?' he answered civilly—I think it was civilly—and I took my medicine, that being the privilege of a free, American citizen, and have since paid my fifty cents extra to the news-stand man like a good little boy. It isn't that I can't afford the extra fifty cents that makes me object, or that I mind paying it. It's fully worth it to have Ma and

the girls sit where the other women can see what handsome bonnets they take off to make other folks comfortable—they don't have to, you know—but I do confess I like to do business on the square, and don't want to bunco other people any more than I want to be buncoed myself. But I understand the whole thing is in the hands of low-class Jews, and when a white man comes up against that outfit he's bound to get the worst of it."

"Everything you say may be true," replied the Present Writer, "but it's been going on for some years, and is likely to go on. Besides, as you say yourself, you don't mind paying well to see a good play—or have your family see it."

"That's all right," said the Prosperous Citizen, "I don't mind paying to see good shows, but how's a man going to tell whether a show is worth seeing? The daily papers lie so you can't tell. And then the more they say about a piece the worse it's likely to be. It doesn't hurt much occasionally to see bad acting and poor plays. I suppose every one's apt to make a mistake in his business and once in a while produce something that ain't quite up to the mark for quality—we all do that. But what I mean"—and here the Prosperous Citizen became solemn—"are plays that ain't fit for a decent woman to see. I don't include can-cans and things of that kind. My girls are sensible girls and have seen petticoats and stockings before and it won't hurt 'em to see 'em again, but there are some things in life that we all know are there that we don't talk about with our women-folks, but leave for doctors and policemen to take care of. There are so many of those things being shown up on the stage now that I'm almost ready to say my family shan't go to the theatre at all. That's what makes me ask you if there's likely to be any changes in the present situation."

"My dear sir," replied the Present Writer, "I really don't know. But I firmly believe there are quite a few decent Americans like yourself left in this country. So long as there are—and their women stand with them—we needn't fear that the present situation will endure very long. The key of the entire situation is largely in the hands of the women, and when they direct their admiring glances in the proper direction we won't long be bothered with indecent plays acted by notorious women."

Metcalfe.

The principal plays now on the stage in New York may be roughly divided into two classes—those that are clean, and those at which no self-respecting woman should be seen. To save our readers mortification and expense, we append a properly classified list:

CLEAN.

"When We Were Twenty-one."

"Brother Officers."

"The Pride of Jennico."

"Sherlock Holmes."

"Way Down East."

"Sister Mary."

"The Ambassador."

"Ben Hur."

"Chris and The Wonderful Lamp."

NOT.

"The Surprises of Love."

"Sapho."

"Naughty Anthony."

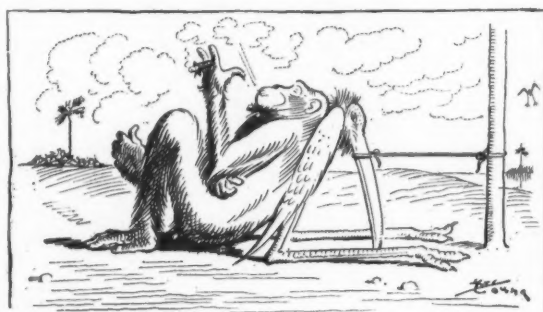
"Coralie & Co., Dressmakers."

"Papa's Wife."

DR. FOSTER, of Chicago, is not an ardent supporter of the Pasteur theories. He says: "When a man spends his life in sterilized clothing, eating sterilized grapes off a sterilized table, washed with sterilized water, and dried with a sterilized napkin, and then dies at the early age of sixty-two, I say his life is useless from a scientific point of view. His mind and time are occupied in dodging microbes."

Apropos of which, we are happy in announcing to the scientific world that the microbe of old age has at last been discovered. He is baldheaded, with no teeth, and a trifle sprung in his front legs.

THOSE who expressed sympathy for the Boer because he was the under dog, seem to have been mistaken in their premises.



"O, WELL, I GUESS A FELLOW CAN TAKE LIFE EASY, IF HE ONLY KNOWS HOW."



"WELL, DOC, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?"

"I WAS BACK IN THE ALLIGATOR'S MOUTH FILLING A MOLAR, AND I ASKED HIM IF IT HURT, AND HE SAID 'YEP'."

Song of Der Syndicate.

(Dedicated to the Wits of The Players, The Lambs, The Savage, and the Garrick.)

↑ T'S svedt ter hear der honest
vatchdog sneezin'
(We think Lordt Pyron saidt that,
vonce or twice);
It's svedt ter vatch our piziness
ingreazin';
It's svedt ter puy der critigs, at our
brice.
It's svedt ter vatch der ferry funny gapers
Off LIFE und VILLIAM VINTER, dere so
thin!—
Und ter poss all but der LIFE und Tribune
bapers;
But it's svedt ter still ter dake der Chris-
tians in!
It's svedt ter valk py Broadway, now
we're able;
For we think we've landtet on it with
bode feet!—
To take our luncheon at a Gilsey table,
At der window next ter Broadway py der
street!
It's svedt ter vatch der actor beoble
staring,
While we mastergate der ham und
goose's fin;
Und it's svedt ter vatch our rattled rivals
glaring;
But it's svedt ter still ter dake der Chris-
tians in!

It's svedt ter co py Europe effery summer,
Py der first-glass bassage, like der real
thing;
It's svedt ter puy up English play und
mummer,
Und ter grush all writers that won't join
our ring!
It's svedt ter valk der Strandt py London
cidy,
Und vatch der frightened mummers pow
und grin,
Und peg us, for der Lord's sake, ter "haf
bidy!"—
But it's svedt ter still ter dake der Chris-
tians in!
It's svedt ter see our ovvice heaffy laden
With der blays that our rank rivals might
broduce;
It's svedt ter help ter fame der Christian
maiden
When it's up ter her, der long ereen goodts
is loose!
It's svedt ter kill der stars mit critigs
Cohen
That refuse ter join und braise, thro'
thick und thin;
Und it's svedt ter see each failure to us
owin'—
But, O, how svedt ter dake der Chris-
tians in!

John Ernest McCann.

A Poser.

YELLOW JOURNAL PROPRIETOR: Do you know the truth when you see it?

REPORTER (proudly): No, sir!

"Then how are you going to avoid it?"

IT is somewhat appalling to find that the action of the scoundrel who lately broke off the head of the mermaid on the Heine Monument in New York is characterized by prominent members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, in a formal meeting, as "an expression of public sentiment." The idea is that the mermaid is indecent, and that public opinion demanded her destruction. It is sad to think that such a sentiment is not out of keeping with the opinions of the Women's Christian Temperance Union on such subjects. On the whole, it is not justly matter for regret that an organization which fosters and applauds opinions of this sort should appear to be losing ground. Its building in Chicago has passed out of its hands, and its influence seems to be declining. It will probably never regain the place it held, in spite of many follies, under the remarkable leadership of Miss Willard.



"BE CAREFUL, MISTER! SOMETIMES THERE



THINGS ARE TREACHEROUS."

An Improved Editorial.



LIFE takes the liberty of showing its yellow contemporary how the following editorial, clipped from the columns of the *Evening Journal* might be improved. Most of the *Journal's* editorials might be improved by the addition of a little sane, common, horse sense, but in this case we confine ourselves to substituting the words "*Evening Journal*" for the word "cigarettes" throughout the article. That is the only change we have made.

THE BILL TO PROHIBIT THE EVENING JOURNAL.

Legislation in the United States is such a clever combination of crankiness, blackmailing and good intentions that it is

pretty hard to know just what underlies any particular bill. We hope, however, that honesty and firmness of purpose may attend the bill which has been introduced in the New York Legislature to prohibit the sale of the *Evening Journal* in this State.

Any man can be locked up for selling opium, or for maintaining rooms for opium smoking. A thousand times more harm is done by the *Evening Journal* in a year than opium ever did. The health of children is ruined. Murder and insanity are among the results of the *Evening Journal* manufacturing and selling.

When the bill, whose originator we cannot praise too highly, comes up and tries to fight its way against the money of the *Hearst Estate*, it will be interesting to see how many of the legislative gang take the money and defeat the bill.

There is not a man in the Legislature who believes that the *Evening Journal* is harmless. There is not a man who would permit his own son to read the *Evening Journal*. There is not one but would gladly imprison any man who should sell the *Evening Journal* to his children.

It will be interesting to observe which of the legislators refuse to give to the children of their constituents the protection which they would demand for their own.

"NICE arch you've got there, George."

"Yes, George."

"Match you for the pair, George."

"I'll go you. But first, George, get yours, insured."

A Parable.

A SNOW man stood in the neighborhood Of a fine conservatory, And said: "I would that I sometime could

Pour out to that pink my story!"

For he loved a pink, and could only think Of the vows he fain would utter, Might he cross the brink to the sacred chink

Where the gardener had shut her.

While amorous sighs were the exercise The pink indulged in daily, Her heart was prize to those coal-black eyes;

The brow and cheeks so paly. She longed, poor Miss, for a tender kiss From the lips of her pining lover, But to compass this superior bliss No method could she discover.

Until one night, at their passion's height, The door closed incompletely, And the snow man white and his heart's delight

At the threshold met—so sweetly! But, strange to hear, in the atmosphere The snow man melted sadly, And, still more queer, in an instant, mere, The pink was frozen badly.

* * *

So warning take, when attempt you make To love outside your station; 'Tis often best to confine your zest To simply anticipation.

Edwin L. Sabin.



By Richard Croker.

I HAVE heard a good many stories in my time, but the trouble is to remember them. I enjoy them when I hear them, but they go in one ear and out the other.

The best one I can now recall is about Sheriff Dunn. Perhaps you know that there is a Thomas Dunn Association, named after the Sheriff. It is a social organization and gives a ball every year.

Last year the ball was given soon after Mr. Dunn was elected and there was a big attendance. One man, an old friend

of the Sheriff, got himself up in great shape for the occasion, appearing for the first time in his life in evening dress.

He went up to Dunn at the ball. "Hello, Tom," he said; "how do I look in a dress suit?"

"First rate," said the Sheriff; "why don't you get one?"

On another occasion a certain Tammany man came to Dunn's office and told him he was going to be married.

"That's good news," said the Sheriff; "have you seen Croker about it?"



"THE CHAMBERMAID'S DOWN SICK; COME AND HELP ME MAKE THE BEDS."
"IMPOSSIBLE, MAMMA, DEAR. I HAVE JUST TEN MINUTES TO GET OVER TO THE PARISH HOUSE TO THE MEETING OF THE WILLING WORKERS."

· LIFE ·



THE full text of the parody of Kipling by Secretary Reitz of the Transvaal is as follows :

PROGRESSIONAL.

[Dedicated to Mr. Mudyard Pipling.]

Gods of the Jingo—Brass and Gold,
Lords of the world by "Right Divine,"
Under whose baneful sway they hold
Dominion over "Mine and Thine."
Such Lords as these have made them rotten,
They have forgotten—they have forgotten.

The Nigger or the Chinese dies,
The Gladstones and the Pitts depart;
But "Bigger Englanders" arise
To teach the world the Raiders' art.
Such Lords as these have made them rotten,
They have forgotten—they have forgotten.

They've "got the Gold, the Ships, the Men,"
And are the Masters of To-morrow.
And so mankind shall see again
The days of Sodom and Gomorrah.
These are the Lords that made them rotten,
They have forgotten—they have forgotten.

Drunken with lust of Power and Pelf,
They hold nor man nor God in awe,
But care for naught but only Self,
And cent. per cent.'s their only Law.
These are their Lords, for they are rotten,
They have forgotten—they have forgotten.

Their valiant hearts have put their trust
In Maxim guns and Metford rifles,
To knock the Niggers into dust,

And such-like "unconsidered trifles"!!
For boastful brag and foolish fake
Th' Imperialist shall "take the cake."

— Exchange.

VERY old persons and very young persons are apt to be great sticklers for etiquette. Queen Victoria is an example of the one, and Lord Beauchamp, the present British Governor of New South Wales, of the other. Since the latter has occupied the government house at Sydney he has been at great pains to make official receptions as imposing and dignified as possible. With this end in view, he has ordained that only guests of a certain rank should be permitted to approach the presence through designated doors. To these blue tickets are awarded; to others of inferior mould, white. At a recent function, through some mismanagement, an important public man received a blue card, while a white one was sent to his wife, and when the pair reached the audience chamber, there was trouble. The lady declined to be separated from her husband, or to abandon the aristocratic blue ranks. An aide-de-camp endeavored to reason with her, and explain the commotion that would ensue if blue and white were suffered to mingle together. But the fair one was equal to the occasion.

"Nonsense," said she, as she pressed forward; "what do you take us for? A seidlitz powder?"

The aide collapsed. And yet it is sometimes said that women have no sense of humor.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE story of Leland Stanford, Jr., for whom the great university is named, is familiar. When ten years old he saved a homely, broken-legged dog from a street crowd of heartless boys. Six years later, when the dead body of young Stanford was brought home from Florence, the little yellow dog was heart-broken. He placed himself in front of the marble tomb and could not be coaxed away even for his food.

One morning he was found dead, and was buried near his human friend.—*Pets and Animals.*

"STILL," said the old friend, who had called to consult with the venerable sage, "in your advancing age it must be a great comfort to know your fame is secure."

"Yes," replied the aged scientist; "I am told there is a new disease and a five-cent cigar named for me."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

"AND how did you and grandpa get along?" inquired the doting mamma of the precocious child.

"He was pleasant as pie," replied the cherub.

"As pleasant as pie?"

"Yes, mamma. Short and crusty."

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"I SUPPOSE," he said as they undulated around the ballroom, "that my mother would be awfully worried if she knew I was here. She thinks it is a terrible sin to dance."

"Oh, never mind," the girl said. "She wouldn't be worried if you were dancing, even if she saw you."

—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"SHAKESPEARE!" said the enthusiast. "He is indeed a great bard!"

"That's right," said the theatre manager. "There is no doubt about his being great. And there is also no doubt about his being barred so long as I am running a theatre for pecuniary purposes."—*Washington Star.*

MAMMA: If you eat any more of that pale Tommy, you will see the bogle man to-night.

TOMMY (after a moment's thought): Well, give some more. I might as well settle my mind about the truth of the story once for all.—*Tit-Bits.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

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in the front door. Fasten them to the pocket or waistband with a key chain secured by the Improved Washburne Patent Fastener. Slips on easily, grips like grim death; don't tear the fabric; released instantly. By mail, 25c. Catalogue of other novelties free.

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are liked by well groomed people because there is nothing about Ramblers to feel ashamed of. They are correct.

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These Jugs are handsome specimens of the famous English Doulton Ware, and make a very attractive addition to the sideboard. They contain

Dewar's Special Old Scotch Whisky,

remarkable for Aroma, Purity, and the Mellowness which age alone can give, distilled from the finest malted Barley procurable. Send for Catalogue No. 10. Goods packed in unmarked cases.



Bobbie Burns Jug, \$2.00.
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SMALL GRAND. STYLE AA.

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Boys, its the
COLUMBIA CHAINLESS
everywhere this year.

New models of the Columbia Bevel Gear Chainless show greatly reduced weight and improvements throughout. Price, \$75.00. Columbia, Hartford, Stormer and Pennant Chain Wheels, \$50, \$35, \$30, \$25. Columbia Coaster Brake with either Chainless or Chain models, \$3.00 extra. See Columbia and Stormer Catalogues.

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POPE SALES DEPT.,
HARTFORD, CONN.**

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The "Best" Tonic



"BABY'S FIRST ADVENTURE" is the prettiest, most artistic picture of the day. Painted by the celebrated artist, Herman Kaulbach. The original has been purchased in Munich by the owners of Pabst Malt Extract, expressly for this fine reproduction.

PABST MALT EXTRACT is the purest and best of all malt extracts. It is prepared from selected malt, under a formula approved by a jury of eminent scientists. It will put new flesh upon you; brace you up; revive your whole system. It gives you increased vigor and power to perform work. It has been on the market for years; it is prescribed by leading physicians; used in almost every hospital, and is on sale by every enterprising druggist.

How to Get a Beautiful Picture Free

When you buy your first six bottles your druggist will make you a present of a lovely Artotype, entitled, "Baby's First Adventure." This fine picture cannot be bought at art stores nor obtained in any other way than that plainly outlined here.

Picture Certificate

The undersigned agrees to give the bearer of this certificate one copy, 13x17, of the Artotype in fifteen colors, reproducing "Baby's First Adventure," when each of the numbers hereon has been canceled upon the purchase of a bottle of The "Best" Tonic.

Druggist's Signature

The Druggist can cancel each one of these spaces

1 2

by private initial, date, or mark. Each space

3 4

represents one bottle of THE "BEST" TONIC sold

5 6

the bearer of the certificate for 25 cents.

To The Public: Most druggists sell The "Best" Tonic. If yours does not, send us \$1.50 for a half dozen bottles and one picture, or \$2.50 for one dozen bottles and two pictures. Express charges fully prepaid. Address, Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



OLD OVERHOLT

High Standard Pennsylvania Pure Rye Whiskey. "Bottled in Bond" direct from the barrel at the Distillery.

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Models from Life, Beauties, Stereoscopes, etc. List with 100 miniature and 2 cabinet size photos, \$1; note or stamps.

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Straight Whiskeys



must, perforce, be superior to blends when made by the Kentucky Hand Made Sour Mash process at the.

Old Crow Rye

distillery. They cannot be equalled.

H. B. KIRK & CO., N. Y.

"THERE was a fire on the stage of a New York theatre the other night and one of the chorus girls had her trunks slightly scorched."

"Couldn't they be removed in time?"

"No, she had 'em on."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

CHOOSING A ROUTE TO THE SOUTH.

The Southern Railway offers a perfect and frequent daily service to the chief resorts of the South, including Pinehurst, Asheville, Hot Springs, the "Land of the Sky," Summerville, Aiken, Augusta, Thomasville, St. Augustine, Miami, Tampa and other minor places. Five trains leave New York on the Southern Railway every week day and four on Sunday. Connections at both Miami and Port Tampa for Cuba, and for Nassau from Miami. Connections at New Orleans for California and Mexico. The Southern is the railway operating the "New York and Florida Limited," "the finest train in the world," between New York and St. Augustine. It also offers its patrons the luxury of dining car service on all through trains. Information, tickets, reservations, and literature of A. S. Thweatt E. P. A., Southern Railway, 271 Broadway, New York.

FIRST OSTRICH (on Mr. Hogg's ranch): Are you going to let that man Bryan ride you?

SECOND OSTRICH: I should say not. Didn't you hear that man who feeds us say that Bryan has ridden his last hobby to death?—*Baltimore American*.

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS.

Preparatory Hints; Bathing; Clothing; Habits; Fresh Air; Second Summer, etc., are some of the subjects treated in "Babies," a book for young mothers, sent free by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., who make Gail Borden Eagle Brand.

FOOZLE: We don't call them "bunkers" over on our links now.

TEE: No; what then?

"They're so hard to get over we call 'em kopjes."

—*Baltimore American*.

AULD LANG SYNE.

From time immemorial the "little brown jug" has held a warm place in the human heart, but when it contains Dewar's Special Old Scotch Whisky direct from the distilleries at Perth, Scotland, it is well-nigh irresistible. Messrs. John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., are putting before consumers a unique jug, made of the famous English Doulton Ware, which is really a handsome addition to the sideboard or bachelor's "den." It is made in two styles, the Bobbie Burns Jug and the Sphinx Jug, and contains Dewar's Special Old Scotch Whisky, made from the finest Malted Barley procurable.

The Sole United States Agent is Mr. Frederick Glassup, of 22 West 24th St., New York City.

LIVERIED MENIAL: Me lud, the carriage waits without.

LORD FITZ JOSHIE: Without what?

"Without horses, me lud; 'tis an automobile."

—*Chicago Record*.

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With telephone service you can reach everyone you want in a few seconds. It puts the whole organization of a great city at your fingers' ends day and night. It may be had in Manhattan for \$60 a year. New York Telephone Company, 115 West 38th St., 15 Dey St.

Mrs. LAKESIDE: I saw something to-day that called up a vague recollection of my first marriage.

Mr. LAKESIDE: Did you? What was it?

"My first husband; I hadn't seen him for years."

—*Philadelphia Press*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

"They sat and held hands all the evening."

"How silly!"

"Oh, I don't know. You have to in whist."

—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Forty years ago it was in its infancy. To-day it is a household word Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry.



Redfern Corsets

FRENCH GORED—SOLID WHALEBONE
SOLD BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

"Unmatched in flavor"

Nestor Cigarettes

"In the van to stay"



CHEW
BEEMAN'S
THE ORIGINAL
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Cures Indigestion
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All Others are Imitations.



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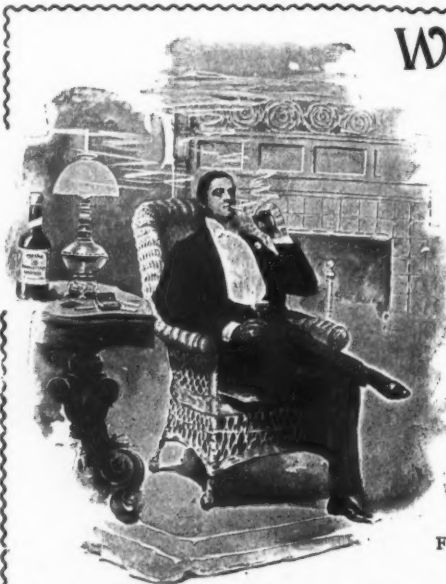
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Drinks that are famous the world over. Made from the best of liquors and used by thousands of men and women in their own homes in place of tonics, whose composition is unknown.

Are they on your sideboard?

Would not such a drink put new life into the tired woman who has shopped all day? Would it not be the drink to offer to the husband when he returns home after his day's business?

Choice of Manhattan, Martini, Tom or Holland Gin, Vermouth, York or Whiskey is offered.

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This is not merely a taking catch phrase. It means what it appears to mean. Understand, we do not assert that odd lots are not sometimes sold on bargain counters, or in assignees' sales, or at public auction, for less than our scheduled prices, because that would be absurd. But we do claim that not spasmodically, but habitually, every day and all the time, we sell china and glass 25% cheaper on an average than it is sold by other houses, no matter where they are or what they advertise. This is not an idle boast, it is the established policy of our business, adopted after careful consideration and continued because conspicuously successful.



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This plate as shown in illustration is made of English Caulden ware, decorated in underglazed dark blue with cable edge, and is a truly historical souvenir plate. The design was originated by us and the plate is not to be found anywhere else in this country. Owing to the very large orders given for these plates we have marked them at the extremely moderate price of 50c. each.



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One Whiskey Jug, six Whiskey Glasses, one handled Mirror Tray. Set complete, \$17.00.

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All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.



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ALWAYS EASY.

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Silk Skirts, Shirt Waists, Trimmed Waists,
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PRESS OF THE J. W. PRATT CO., NEW YORK.

If you ask

for "a bottle of ale" and get four fingers of ale and two inches of sediment in a glassful, don't kick—it's in the ale

If you want

a good, long drink, one that you can enjoy to the last drop in the bottle

Order Evans

the only ale free from dregs and sediment and the only ale that cannot be spoiled in the handling.



1900 = 36th = 1900

Annual Statement

OF THE

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY

Chartered 1863 (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1900.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, **\$1,000,000.**

ASSETS.	
Real Estate,	\$2,049,222.11
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,810,289.98
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,981,862.12
Interest accrued but not due,	245,993.38
Loans on collateral security,	1,497,173.11
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,305,387.17
Deferred Life Premiums,	340,997.61
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies,	259,446.38
Government Bonds,	789,016.98
County and municipal bonds,	3,114,997.48
Railroad stocks and bonds,	7,819,225.31
Bank stocks,	1,258,674.08
Other stocks and bonds,	1,288,380.00
Total Assets,	\$27,760,611.14

LIABILITIES.	
Reserve, 3 1/4 per cent., Life Department,	\$20,406,734.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't.,	1,600,389.23
Present value Installment Life Policies,	783,193.08
Reserve for Claims against Employers,	586,520.28
Losses in process of adjustment,	219,833.07
Life Premiums paid in advance,	33,178.11
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Total Liabilities,	\$23,739,827.41

Excess Security to Policy-holders,	\$4,020,686.56
Surplus,	\$3,020,686.56

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.	
Life Insurance in force,	\$100,334,554.00
New Life Insurance written in 1899,	17,165,686.00
Insurance on installment plan at committed value,	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	1,522,417.00
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	16,039,886.93

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.	
Number Accident Claims paid in 1899,	15,384
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	839,648
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	\$1,227,977.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	23,696,539.96

Totals.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	\$2,750,394.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	39,734,926.89

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.

H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.

EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.

J. B. LEWIS, M. D., Surgeon and Adjuster.